Volume LXXVI CHICAGO, DECEMBER 16, 1915 Number 16

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

IS IT too much to hope that the good will and the consciousness of common aims and responsibilities can be extended to include all the European nations and that devices for international government can be provided, able to deal in the interests of the whole with each difficult situation as it arises?

. . . . . .

Out of the present situation, which certainly "presents the spectacle of the breakdown of the whole philosophy of nationalism, political, racial and cultural," may conceivably issue a new birth of internationalism, founded not so much upon arbitration treaties, to be used in time of disturbance, as upon governmental devices designed to protect and enhance the fruitful processes of coöperation in the great experiment of living together in a world become conscious of itself.

JANE ADDAMS

—From "Women at the Hague"

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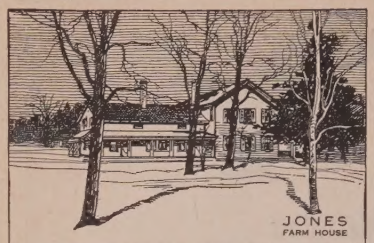

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVI. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1915. NUMBER 16.

WIRELESS.

S. S. Oscar II, Cape Race, N. F., December 8, 1915.
UNITY, Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

Twelve hundred miles,—fair weather—earnest discussions—sixty representatives higher journalism—thirty students—thirty staff—forty invited delegates—all classes and sections represented. Aked and Jones preached Sunday—Schwimmer, Fels, McClure, Judge Lindsay have spoken. President's message received last night—profoundly disappointing to friends of disarmament—Prepare for Peace, not War, slogan of delegation. UNITY workers on deck.

JONES.

When the cat is away the mice will play, runs the old saying. Mr. Jones having gone off with Mr. Ford on his peace picnic, and left UNITY to the tender mercies of his associates—confederates, they had better be called—we feel like saying some things which we have been boiling to say for a long time. Howbeit we forbear, for inasmuch as the editor-in-chief cannot talk back at us, and a one-sided debate would be deadly dull, it will be enough to quote the forthright words of President Wilson in his message, so characteristic and so straight to the point:

> There are citizens of the United States, I blush to admit, born under other flags but welcomed under our generous naturalization laws to the full freedom and opportunity of America, who have poured the poison of disloyalty into the very arteries of our national life; who have sought to bring the authority and good name of our government into contempt, to destroy our industries wherever they thought it effective for their vindictive purposes, to strike at them and to debase our politics to the uses of foreign intrigue. No federal laws exist to meet this situation, because such a thing would have seemed incredible in the past. Such creatures of passion, disloyalty and anarchy must be crushed out. They are not many, but they are infinitely malignant and the hand of our power should close over them at once.

J. F. N.

City Temple Church, London, has invited Rev. Hugh Black to follow R. J. Campbell in its pastorate, and the choice seems to have won general approval in England. Mr. Black has for several years been a professor in the Union Theological Seminary, New York, and while he has won an enviable distinction as a preacher in this country, he will no doubt welcome an opportunity to return to his native land; the more so at a time when every Englishman feels that England needs him. Several volumes of the sermons of Mr. Black have been published in recent years—such as "Listening to God,"—as well as a number of books of essays, and they reveal a mind of ripe thought, an impression that is rather puzzling. For example, in his little book entitled "The Open Door," the chapter that grips one most firmly and will not let go is the chapter of doors that are shut. At any rate, the quality of his mind, if not of his spiritual experience, is quite different from that of Mr. Campbell, who is in many ways a really great preacher, albeit his leaving the free pulpit of City Temple is most baffling to his friends on both sides of the water.

J. F. N.

At a time when the whole world is half-mad, and half of it wholly mad, anything may happen. All kinds of ideas are in the air, men go from one extreme to another, one as fantastic as the other is fanatical, and the quieter, saner voices are hardly heard at all. Manifestly the present world-order is impractical, as has been shown by its collapse. Therefore men are tempted to go an equally absurd extreme in the other direction. So we have advocates of armed truce and teachers of peace at any price; but some of us cannot enlist in either camp, wishing to walk in the middle path of wisdom, keeping our eyes open, our minds clear and our hearts tender. Nor is that easy to do, living as we are in a time made hideous by scenes the most horrible the world has ever known. None the less, we must face the facts, think things through, and trust the realities that abide whatever betide. Such a time asks for courage, sacrifice, self-restraint, humility, magnanimity, tolerance, and above all, faith in God and man. So and only so may we ever hope to arrive at truth and the will of God, and find the way out of the maze of madness in which we are caught. "Tell me, I pray thee, where is the house of the seer?"

J. F. N.

Edwin Markham, who has been for some time in his native West, as a guest of the Exposition, has returned to his home in the East—breaking his long journey to give readings of his poems. Truly he is a "good gray poet," gracious to know, glorious to hear, and few men of our day have more to tell us. His last book of poems, "The Shoes of Happiness," is in many ways his best. Resolutely he has withstood the temptation to produce too much, refining his gold the while and bringing it to every test. He has vision without frenzy, and keeps a wise economy in his traffic with the muses. Withal, he is a teacher of the goodly, gracious gospel of Brotherhood, so much needed in this sad world now and always. Longfellow would have envied the exquisite grace of

"The Jugglers of Touraine," and his greeting to Noyes as an apostle of Poetry and Peace is well deserved—albeit Noyes, for the time being, is no longer a pacifist. The group of poems under "The Hero of the Cross," notable alike for insight and art, are tender, reverent, austere, beautiful, and worthy of high rank in the Christian Melody. His message is the same as of yore, but it becomes every year richer and more various in its exposition—sun-bright sonnnets and deep-hearted lyrics coming to the aid of stories, parables and quatrains. The first lines in his latest book may be the last lines of this so brief notice, so characteristic are they of the inclusive fellowship of the man and the wise strategy of his love:

He drew a circle that shut me out—
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in.

J. F. N.

In the passing of Ella Flagg Young from her fifty year's work in Chicago, and from Chicago itself, UNITY wishes to express its sense of loss, as well as appreciation of her service to Chicago as an educator.

The senior editor of UNITY and Mrs. Young have had much in common and were often co-workers in the same cause. Of course they will continue to be co-workers, for as long as Mrs. Young lives she will work, and along high lines; but the feeling of near comradeship will be wanting, and the handclasp will be missed. But a few weeks since she was one of the noted speakers to pay tribute to the late Booker T. Washington from the platform of Lincoln Centre.

Perhaps no other woman, unless it be Jane Addams, has ever made so great an impress on the history of Chicago.

Mrs. Young in her services for the upbuilding of Chicago's schools always held to her convictions of right, whether the majority agreed with her or not. "She had the courage of her convictions," and as is usually the case, made as strong enemies, at times, as she did friends; but where is there a strong character who hasn't had this experience? Time, the great adjuster, will give Mrs. Young her right place in history, and she may be truly described as

"One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake."

—M. B. P.

During the absence of the pastor of All Souls on the Henry Ford peace mission, his pulpit is being filled by University of Chicago professors. Those who have attended services these first two Sundays have had great pleasure and profit in listening to Prof. James Tufts and Prof. Shailer Mathews in two most able discourses. Prof. Tufts will again occupy the pulpit on December nineteenth.

Dr. Mathews' subject was "The Religious Perplexity of a Practical Minded Man," and Thomas, "The Doubter," was his subject character. In the hands of Dr. Mathews, Thomas was just the man any leader might rely upon for good support when his reasoning and practical mind was once assured of the rightness of the project. Dr. Mathews gave us a good picture of Thomas as an apostle, "one who would organize, maintain and perpetuate the ideas of a leader or prophet after the latter has passed from active participation therein."

These sermons should have a wide hearing.

—M. B. P.

The fifty-year long episode of the life and influence of Mrs. Ella Flagg Young in that supremely important field of progress which will go so far to make or mar the future citizenship of the great city of Chicago, is on the face of things a closed incident. That lady is already far on her way to the well-earned rest called for by the strenuous years of her labor as Superintendent of Schools of Chicago. The *Chicago Herald* of December 10 published an appreciation of Mrs. Young that so well expresses what myriads of old friends and admirers would like to say that we copy the article in full, as follows:

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young has walked out of the offices of the Board of Education for the last time as Superintendent of Schools.

Fifty years ago, a frail girl, hardly out of her teens, she began her service to Chicago. A half century ago she was a teacher in the first grade; she occupied the humblest position in the school system of a small city. Tomorrow she resigns the highest educational office ever held by a woman.

She entered upon her calling, youthful, unknown, one of the undistinguished millions. She lays down her task, a leader famous throughout the world. Wherever women aspire to serve the race, wherever education is a liberating, soul-freeing process, wherever teaching signifies life and life more abundantly, there the name of Ella Flagg Young is known and revered. To struggling women in the four quarters of the earth her career has been and is a beacon.

What have these fifty years of unremitting toil meant to Chicago? How have the schools been changed through the impact of Mrs. Young's labors? What has her service signified to the men and women of this great city? What is the promise of the future? These are the inevitable questions which her retirement brings forward.

Let Mrs. Young glance at the past, survey the present, look to the future. She did, one year ago.

"I thought about the physical side of the children," she said. "I had noticed that in September they entered school hearty and well. By June they were pale and tired. That showed some wrong condition. I determined that every schoolroom should have sunshine every day possible in Chicago.

"I believe that every child should be happy in school. So we have tried to substitute recreation for drill. We have tried to correct bad physical conditions.

"We have attempted to abolish severe evening work. We have tried to recognize types of mind as a mother does among her own children.

"We were losing the majority of children at the fifth grade. By letting them do things with their hands we have saved many of them.

"In order that teachers may delight in awakening the spirits of children they must themselves be awake. We have tried to free the teachers.

"Some day the system will be such that the child and teacher will go to school with elastic joy. At home in the evening the child will talk about the things done during the day and will talk with pride. I want to make the school the great instrument of democracy."

These sentences touch the mountain peaks of the struggles of the last generations. They sound as well the keynote of the future.

In the year that Lincoln died this woman began her service. What the great emancipator strove to do for the bondsmen, Ella Flagg Young endeavored in a detailed manner to accomplish for childhood. She found the public schools noble chiefly in intention. Steadily throughout the years she has devoted splendid abilities to tearing down what is false and servile and to building up what is true and free.

Although her calendar age counts three score and ten, she leaves her office fresh in spirit, sinewy-minded, eager, unbending in energies. She has combined magnificently the enthusiasm of youth, the strength of maturity, the ripe wisdom of age. She goes out of office, as she perhaps longed to go, in the fullness of her powers.

Chicago will not forget Mrs. Ella Flagg Young. Her work will go on. For the yearning for an untrammeled mind, the hunger after democracy, is immortal. Chicago will not forget.

A. L. K.

Mrs. Abner Strawn

In the death of Mrs. Abner Strawn, the city of Chicago and the State of Illinois have lost one more of the personalities which have helped so mightily in the pioneer building up of this great nation. All Souls Church and its attendant study classes have reason to feel more closely the passing of this near and dear "mother in Israel," whose presence was ever felt in a sunshiny optimism of outlook and a helpfulness of attitude that created an atmosphere of serenity and joy wherever she appeared. The simplicity of Mrs. Strawn's faith, the childlike taking it for granted that "All's right with the world" was expressed in the following little poem of Frances Whitmarsh Wile, which appeared in UNITY some years ago:

Like as a child who, through a darkened hall,
Holds fast his mother's hand from room to room,
Athrill with awe and mystery of gloom,
But in her presence feels no fear at all,
I, too, would pass, when I shall hear that call
Which never mortal heard and disobeyed:
When God is with me, shall I be dismayed?
When he upholds me shall I think to fall?
Though dear and fair the room where now I stay,
The passage dark where Death must lead the way,
I cannot leave my Father's house, I know;
And, just across, what great, divine surprise
May shine at once on these enraptured eyes,
In that large, other room to which I go!

A. L. K.

Mayor Thompson at the Lincoln Centre Fellowship Dinner

The Lincoln Centre Fellowship is a unique organization, the members of which dine together once a month and bring to their after-dinner hospitality some well-known speaker who is an expert along sociological, scientific or civic lines.

Never has that group done better for itself nor for the things it seeks to further, than at its last meeting Wednesday, December 8th, when our big, amiable, capable-looking mayor, William Hale Thompson, stood up before a splendid company and cheerfully allowed himself to be used as a target for all sorts of practical questions and suggestions, which were responded to in a frank, outspoken, sincere manner that gained the respect and admiration of all present. The company included the heads of most of the departments at Lincoln Centre as well as representatives of many outside interests, such as playgrounds, inspection of food, garment workers, various civic clubs, Sunday-closing, etc., etc., and not one of these representatives suffered from timidity in expressing himself —or, as more frequently happened, herself, as to the status and hopes and political expectations of the particular interest at stake.

The discussion was carried on in a spirit of high, good-natured give-and-take, and the result of the whole conference appeared to be a sense of growing civic responsibility, of mutual confidence and demand for cooperation.

We give a brief resumè of the excellent remarks made by the mayor.

The mayor's opening remarks described the pilgrimage of his grandfather to the hamlet of Chicago in 1830. The choice of this particular point for a future home was made deliberately, after a study of the map of this great country. He came to the conclusion that on account of the formation of the great lakes and the absolute certainty that before long the country must be traversed by great east and west transcontinental railroads, that this point at the foot of Lake Michigan was the first point south of the Canadian line through which such railroads must inevitably run on their way across the country. He lived to see his judgment verified and a city of two million established here during the next fifty years. The mayor's own mother was born on the present site of the Portland Block, corner of Washington and Dearborn Sts., which at that time was on the outskirts of the village.

On the subject of playgrounds the mayor said in part:

That I heartily favor public playgrounds for our children was proved by the fact that I introduced the first ordinance calling for the expenditure of twelve hundred dollars for buying and equipping a playground on Wabash Avenue and Twenty-first Street, and it took a lot of argument and hard work to carry it through. The people have come to understand this proposition and its importance, to realize that it leads to health, to the reduction of juvenile crime and to better citizenship. Chicago will some day be the great-

est city in the world, upwards of twenty millions perhaps, and we should all take every opportunity to secure locations for playgrounds wherever possible before it is too late.

I sometimes wonder why so few people make use of the waters of Lake Michigan. It is the safest body of water of its size in the world. We have upwards of a thousand square miles of water at our front door and for one mile from shore there are no rocks, no reefs, no tide—no dangers except ordinary winds. Lake Michigan is one of our great sleeping assets. We should build, one mile from shore, extending from South Chicago to Grosse Point, Evanston, a distance of twenty miles, an outer breakwater which would give Chicago a lagoon one mile wide and twenty miles long, and Chicago would then become the greatest aquatic city in the United States, if not in the world. This would bring two hundred thousand desirable visitors from the South and add one hundred million dollars to the city's income.

Our Drainage Canal is another of Chicago's great sleeping assets capable of making untold money for the city and furnishing employment to a hundred thousand men.

Before my election I pledged to the City of Chicago that if I was elected mayor of Chicago I would do everything in my power to give this city an honest, economical, business administration, and every hour that I have been in the City Hall I have striven to make good that pledge, my friends.

A good deal of credit has been given to me in some quarters to which possibly I am not entitled, on the Sunday closing situation. This question was not a question of "Thompson" at all. The foundation stone of our nation lies in the proper enforcement of the law. When my attention was first called to this law it was called an obsolete law, it was called inoperative, a dead letter. About that time I noticed, however, that a federal court decided it was a live statute of the State of Illinois and that a receiver in that court should not operate certain saloons in his hands as receiver, on Sunday.

That made it look to me as though it was a live rather than a dead law. My attention was also called to the fact that if a saloon-keeper applies for naturalization papers in the Federal Court, he is asked the question whether he keeps his saloon open Sundays. If he says he does, he is told, "You can't become a citizen of the United States if you are violating one of the laws of the State of Illinois by keeping your saloon open Sunday," and he is refused citizenship papers. I considered all these things, then I called for an opinion from the Corporation Counsel and when it was brought in the mayor of Chicago ordered the saloons closed on Sunday because he believed that that was the law and that it was his duty to enforce the law as he finds it.

We are doing many things in the city to protect the children. Our health commissioner, Dr. Robertson, has done wonders already. He has prevented the usual increase of diphtheria that we look for after the opening of the schools in the Fall. He is doing many things to improve the milk supply.

This is your city, and the one thing the mayor of this town prays for is your co-operation. Mr. Hibbard is organizing what is known as civic co-operators. We want one of these co-operators in every block in the city, all of whom will work together in looking after the health and the best interests in every way of the people who live in his particular block.

The great thing needed in the city is the co-operation of the people and anything you people want us to do, all you have to do is to come down to the City Hall and make known your wants.

Mr. John T. Richards asked for a square deal for the playgrounds and stated that in the only survey ever made (in 1907) it was shown that juvenile crime during a certain length of time had increased twelve per cent on the northwest side of Chicago, where at that time they had as yet no playgrounds, and had decreased twenty-four per cent on the south side where playgrounds were already in operation.

In reply to a question as to the attitude of the police in the garment worker's strike, the mayor said the great difficulty was to get at facts first-hand, that so far practically all reports of brutality of officers were at least second-hand and that from the proof adduced he had reason to believe that the actions of the strikers themselves made the trouble; that as long as they insist on destroying property and injuring human beings, public opinion will be against them and they will almost surely lose out.

Miss Driver said she was sent out as a representative of the Woman's City Club and the Political Equality League to look into the alleged brutalities of the police force, and she closed her remarks by saying "The Chicago police have certainly done all they could to preserve order in the proper manner."

This statement brought a happy smile to the mayor's face as he acknowledged "That is the first kind word I have heard for the police department."

Other ladies were sure that unnecessary force was used against strikers but agreed with Miss Driver that most of it could be traced to the plain clothes men, who are commonly believed amongst the strikers to be employed by the manufacturers.

The mayor closed the subject by saying, "These are your policemen—not mine. I have not appointed any of them. We are doing the best we can with them."

Mrs. E. E. Smith of Lincoln Centre put in a plea for the boys and girls of this neighborhood, for more

parks and bathing beaches on the South Side, and said, "We are ready to give you co-operation—the team work you ask for, Mayor Thompson. We will all come down and tell you what we want and how to do things."

Of course the absence of Mr. Jones was keenly felt in these discussions, but a pleasant surprise was sprung on the company when a message by wireless from the Ford Peace Expedition ship was read, which is given elsewhere in this week's issue. A. L. K.

Conversion to Pacifism

Of all the innumerable first-hand experiences recorded since the outbreak of the European cataclysm, none has been more impressive than the thoroughgoing horror of war which has been engendered in the minds of those who have beheld its realities. A careful reading of the books and articles published during the past year by those who have had a tale to tell of what they have seen in Belgium, France, Servia and Galicia, shows that almost without exception these witnesses, whatever their previous ideas upon the subject, are now become enemies of war in every form. Some of them, like Richard Harding Davis, in his *With the Allies,* and Eric Fisher Wood, in his *Notebook of an Attaché,* are moved to plead eloquently for adequate preparedness for war as the sole guarantee against its evils. Others are so disillusioned as to revolt against everything that has to do with war, preparedness included. But whatever the particular temperamental or intellectual reaction, the basic conviction in each case is that of perfect abomination of war in every form. Such a crystallization of sentiment is unparalleled, I believe, in any previous war in human history. It would seem as though war had been made so terrible in our day that man had but to see it to become converted to something very much akin to ultra-pacifism.

An experience of this kind of a peculiarly impressive character has recently come to my attention. It is that of a friend with whom I have been corresponding for a period of months—a gentleman of high standing, fine education, wide observation and long professional activities. His letters I have received permission to use as freely as I desire for the purposes of this statement.

During all the months of the European conflict, this correspondent of mine was one of the most ardent of militarists. His letters were full of enthusiastic praises of war, and of references to those who for one reason or another have extolled war in the past. His one dominant idea seemed to be that war was an ennobling, a purging, a redemptive experience for a nation. At no time did he go so far as to anticipate the recent extravagance of Dr. Charles A. Eaton, that this war is the greatest blessing that humanity has ever known. But he did declare, not once but once and again, that it was on the whole a beneficent occurrence. For example:

On October 8, 1914, he wrote me: "I used to be a member of the American Peace Society. . . . Now if I could only kill the right kind of a ——, and not have to be very discriminating about it, I could die content. . . . I can feel that to kill what hinders progress and human welfare is as divine a passion as the love that conserves human life. Hate and love are different sides of the same shield. The constructive and destructive forces are not always enemies. . . . I glorify war."

Again, on October 16, 1914, he wrote: "Apparently every one has lost his faith in God and evolution just because there is a big war. Past wars have resulted in good, but this is wholly evil! The one thing we need in America is a good war for a good cause. . . . The moral enthusiasm, the self-sacrifice, the intelligent dedication of their property, their sons, their lives and all they have to the cause of humanity and the future is the most inspiring thing our old sun has shone upon in all his many marches round this earth. Have you forgotten your Emerson? 'Wars, fires, plagues, break up miserable routine, clear the ground of rotten races and dens of distemper, and open a fair field for new men. There is a tendency in things to right themselves and the war or revolution or bankruptcy that shatters a rotten system allows things to take a new and natural order.' This will happen in Europe. Don't doubt it! . . . Underneath it all is something not unreasonable that uses human passions for the progress of the world. 'He maketh the wrath of men to praise him.' Cheer up! If any wake up after death, those who are falling in this war, will have the same chance as the rest of us. If not, they will not have lived as stupidly, as cowardly, with as soulless a desire for ease, or as vainly, as most of us."

Again, on October 24, 1914, he wrote: "Non-resistance is the religion of feebleness and despair. . . . I am inclined to think that Jesus took this method of undermining the Roman power because, under the conditions in which he found himself, it was the only way to get a hearing and live. But what splendid fighters his followers have always been! The more Christian, the better the fight."

In June last my correspondent went to Europe and studied the war at first hand. It was not the first war he had seen, as witness a statement in his letter of October 16: "I was at Santiago, where for no cause we were fighting Spain." In September he returned to our shores, and on the 28th I received the following:

"Back safe and sound. . . . I have come back a convert to pacifism, Christianity, socialism, or any-

thing else that means anti-war. . . . I am satisfied with my trip and glad I went, but I suspect I have been converted pretty nearly to your views. . . . The whole thing is such a colossal insanity that it is simply appalling."

I might well, perhaps, close my letter at this point. I am tempted, however, in view of the critical situation now confronting America, to contrast the experience of my correspondent with the experience of the Plattsburg "rookies." It would be grossly unfair, I know, to speak of the earnest men who carried through this experiment in military training, as "playing at war." Is it inaccurate to make the assertion, however, that, in spite of sincerity, loyalty and hard work, the "rookies" saw not war but its imitation? In any case, what sentiments did this experience create? They have never been better revealed than in the letter of Mr. Herbert K. Stockton, published in the *New York Times* on September 25 last: "As the result of many impressions," says this recruit, "there is at least one Plattsburg rookie who wants to see (1) a good big regular army, as big as the general staff wants, fitted out with everything of the best and trained to the minute; (2) more military training, as stiff as possible, for himself and those like him; (3) more training for the national guard, however good they may be already. In short, with a burning sense of its physical helplessness, he wants to see his country have, as soon as possible, all the essentials of a twentieth century military machine as efficient for our needs as the Germans' is for theirs."

The parallel here depicted needs no comment. If a large and not unworthy group of citizens have their way, America is now to set itself to the task of fostering the war spirit by playing at war, under the guise of preparedness. My correspondent spake a truer word than he himself realized, perhaps, when he said, "The one thing we need in America is a good war." Such a war might seem to some extent "good," even to a pacifist, if, by bringing the people face to face with "the real thing," it killed forever the craze of militarism, now all too prevalent, which would have this country go to Germany for an example of national policy!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

THE SOUL OF THE BABE.

I saw in a lonely pool a star,
And skyward looked to meet afar
The pole-star's bright and friendly gaze,
Still watching as in ancient days.

I thought of the star that guided straight
O'er desert sands to the stable gate,
And dreamed it reflected faint and far
The white transcendent Living Star,
The Soul of the Babe that waiting lay
To light the world in the coming day.

—*Rose A. Sears.*

THE PULPIT

Seven Sermons of Love for the Battle-torn Peoples

Re-inforcements of Faith

VII.

"Why Love Turkey"

Sermon Preached November 14, 1915, in Abraham Lincoln Centre Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Prayer.

Make us glad that we are alive this morning, Father, glad for sunshine and for clouds, glad for pleasure and for pain. We thank Thee that Thou hast given us the power to suffer and to rise above the things that thwart our growth. We thank Thee for the peace which is ever found in Thee. Lift us, Father, into the comradeship of the brave this morning, into the fellowship of the struggling. Open our hearts to new loves. Open our minds to new truth. Quicken our feet to run on new errands of mercy. Touch our hearts with fresh tenderness that we may know the peace that passeth understanding, Thy peace that abideth now and forever more. Amen.

SERMON.

Turkey challenges our admiration as does anything vast, mysterious, inscrutable, and whatever challenges the admiration moves the heart, quickens it with love. I love Turkey as I love the Muir Woods,—the mystic forest that nestles at the foot of Tamalpais out there by the Golden Gate. I penetrated it but a little way; I felt its somber shadows but for an hour. The paths that lead out from the rustic road are soon lost in the depths. I could not count its trees; I have not measured its area; I could not calculate its antiquities. Those ancient trees overwhelmed my imagination but they appealed to it profoundly, and ever since my visit they have thrown athwart my life thrilling, quickening and inspiring shadows. Just so does this vast, weird, and to me unexplored and inexplicable country we call Turkey, affect me. There is something profoundly significant in the story of this people whom we first discover away back there in the fourth or fifth century emerging from the dim far East, a people made brave by tyranny, a band of fugitive slaves faring westward. In the eleventh or twelfth century, six hundred years after that in round numbers, when inspired by a great, new faith, made coherent by humble adoration, and led, as they thought, by a prophet of God, they took possession for the time being of the capital city of the Christian world and established a vast empire into whose crudities was brought the highest learning of the age. These people are still the conservators and administrators of much of the wealth of antiquity. Into their hands, for good or ill, providence has entrusted vast treasures of the lost ancient world. Much of their territory has now become the hunting-ground of scholars. Whatever lies beneath the sands where Assyria once flourished, and where Babylon, Tyre and Memphis once stood, the great wealth of the buried world is now in the custody of the Turks. The Turkish Empire appeals to us at least geographically and historically.

Into the now disputed Dardanelles Xerxes penetrated four hundred and eighty years before Christ was born. Three hundred and thirty-four years B. C.

Alexander took his invading army through there. Twenty-one hundred years after that, in 1807, the British fleet forced its way through. Eighty-four years after that, in 1891, the Russian Pact was enacted, and now the Dardanelles is the object of grim dispute between two factions of the western world, one represented by the Allies and the other by another western power who loves them no more than do the Allies, and would fain use them, trample upon their inheritance and devastate their traditions in the interests of a weal in which they are not concerned.

Geographically Turkey throws its boundary lines into three great continents of the world. Europe, Asia and Africa all pay their tribute to the power at Constantinople. Turkey represents an area of 1,600,000 square miles and an uncounted population estimated at over 41,000,000. Its capital city, said by those who have been there to be the "wonder of wonders" among all cities, has a population of 1,200,000. A modern writer repeats the old sentence, "See Rome and die!" but adds, "No, by no means; not until you have seen Constantinople, which makes Rome seem simple and plain." Damascus and Smyrna, mere names to us, catch words in the telegraphic dispatches, names that perchance provoke our contempt, represent more than 220,000 inhabitants each. There are four other cities within the Turkish boundaries having a population of over 120,000 each, and six cities of 50,000 each. These figures at least command our thoughtfulness and challenge our reverence.

The great seas which pique our curiosity and quicken our imagination,—the Aegean, the Black, the Caspian, and the Sea of Azov,—lie before us as we undertake to measure the mystic Turkey, even suggestively and briefly, within range of one sermon. The great rivers of antiquity,—the Euphrates, the Tigris and Jordan,—roll through Turkey. Whatever is rich and beautiful in the art-encrusted territory from the Aegean to the Black Sea, is now at least in the custody of Turkey. St. Sophia, which architects dare praise above even St. Peters for architectural impressiveness, was once the proud cathedral of Constantine, who raised the Cross above it. It has been conserved and reconsecrated to Mohammedanism without defacement, and at this very time exerts an august power over the imagination of the intelligent.

Turkey is one thing, Mohammedanism is another, but they cannot be separated. Whatever potentiality came into Turkey peopled by that band,—half Mongol and half Semite, bearing a name supposed to be Chinese in its origin, and signifying a "helmet," came through the inspiration of the latest of the great teachers of the world, Mohammed. He represents the religion which it is most difficult for us to appreciate because it is so nearly allied to us. It is harder for us to present an open mind to Mohammedanism than to any other of the great religions of the world, because it is so nearly of our own household. Mohammedanism is the daughter of Judaism and the sister of Christianity, and it united with Christianity, as well as with the crude polytheism of Arabia, to re-emphasize the fundamental truths of the religion we profess. It is a vast monotheism, a severe Puritanism, simple in its ritual, effective in its piety, a religion committed to learning as it is committed to the humanities.

"Seek knowledge even if it were to be found in China," said Mohammed. "It is permitted Moslems to possess all science," again said the great prophet of Arabia. "My son, be thou the protector of the faith and the sciences," were the last words of Ottoman I., who in the fifteenth century took possession of Constantinople and established a line which, through some thirty rulers, has held dominion over this weird territory down to the present day. The books tell us that in 1326 four of the seven ministers of Mohamhed II. were poets, and we know that during the Middle Ages the Mohammedans, an aggressive element of the people we now call Turks, simultaneously with the Moors brought into Europe, Asia and Africa, arithmetic, algebra, astronomy and chemistry, and the very characters which we call "Arabic figures" were the gift of Mohammedanism to the Western world. Says Emanuel Deutsch, a high authority on Mohammedism:

> By the aid of the Koran the Arabs conquered a world greater than that of Alexander the Great, greater than that of Rome, and in as many tens of years as the latter had wanted hundreds to accomplish her conquests; by the aid of which they, alone of all the Shemites, came to Europe as kings, whither the Phoenicians had come as tradesmen, and the Jews as fugitives or captives. They came to Europe to hold up, together with these fugitives, the light to Humanity—they alone, while darkness lay around; to raise up the wisdom and knowledge of Hellas from the dead, to teach philosophy, medicine, astronomy and the golden art of song to the West as well as to the East, to stand at the cradle of modern science, and to cause us late epigoni forever to weep over the day when Granada fell.

Says Draper in his history:

> In less than a century after the death of Mohammed, the Iliad, the Odyssey and philosophic authors had been translated into Arabic. Schools of medicine, law and astronomy were started in Bagdad, and during the ninth century, when Christian Europe was dull and stupid with its superstition and ignorance, the Moslem kingdom was busy in collecting great libraries, establishing schools in connection with every mosque, originating the systematic study of the natural sciences, particularly geometry, algebra, optics and chemistry. The great library at Cairo contained one hundred thousand of transcribed volumes, six thousand five hundred on medicine and astronomy alone. The Saracen Empire was dotted with colleges. In these times, and by these people, clocks were invented; nitric acid, sulphuric acid and alcohol were discovered. In agriculture they were devoting themselves to problems of irrigation, manuring and the improvement of their breeds of cattle. The culture of rice, sugar and coffee was introduced by them, and the manufacture of silk, leather, paper and book-binding encouraged.

Whatever belongs to the Saracen and the Moslem world in the Middle Ages, comes into the inheritance of the Turk. They hold today in trust the tradition of that power that once came near, very near, judging from the human standpoint, to possessing Europe and supplanting Christianity. That power is still too vital for us in our prejudices and our hatreds to understand.

In 1903, which furnished the latest figures within reach, five thousand hand-looms and ten thousand workmen were busy in Damascus alone, weaving silks and rugs for the western markets. Fisheries in the Bosphorus were reported that year to have yielded an aggregate of $1,300,000 worth of mother-of-pearl and amber. In 1903 Turkey in Europe, which is the lesser part of Turkey, exported to the United States two and a quarter million dollars' worth of rugs and carpets, nearly a million dollars' worth of tobacco, a million's worth of goat skins, another million's worth of wood, cotton, sugar, gum arabic, liquorice, opium, figs and dates. The total exports into the

United States from Turkey in Europe in that year amounted to twenty-one and a quarter million dollars, while the imports from us during the same year were only about one and a quarter millions.

We think of Turkey as benighted and dark. It is and has been the fertile ground for missionaries from the West. The story of Roberts College, Constantinople, is one of the bright stories of American missionary achievements. The Presbyterians have their college at Beirut, manned by Turkish money and dedicated to various beliefs. In 1910 there were ten colleges and forty high schools, all in charge of Americans. Nearly 37,000 schools throughout the empire with 1,331,200 pupils, were reported in 1900.

In Turkey, then, we have a human "Muir Woods," a grove of Semper-virens, of never dying redwood trees, reaching up and up into the blue of God, reaching down and down into the subsoil of history. Theirs is a spiritual botany unlike that of our own proud ash, elm and oak, only remotely related to our pine and hemlock, but there they are, like the denizens of the Muir Woods, which can only grow in the humid atmosphere of the Pacific Slope. But I stand here this Sunday morning to claim that there must be something lovable in a thing so vast and powerful. Anyway, our own sentiment must be held humbly subject to revision in the presence of so gigantic a manifestation of humanity about which we are in such profound and oftentimes criminal ignorance because we refuse to follow the open paths that lie before us.

Even in so limited a library as mine, I have at times almost lost sight of my sermon while allowing myself to roam among the interesting paths of reading which reach down and back and deep into Turk, Saracen and Ottoman traditions. The last charming book that has reached my hand is the work of an American writer, H. G. Dwight, and is entitled "Constantinople, Old and New." This book will warm your heart with love and admiration for the beauty it reveals. Mr. Dwight describes what he considers the most remarkable room in Constantinople. It was called "The Chamber of the Noble Robe," and was built to contain the robe which one of the early Mohammedans, not the original, threw over the shoulders of a poet who said, in his presence, "The Prophet is a sword drawn from the scabbard of God." This saying so pleased the Sultan that he threw his own mantle around the poet. The incident so appealed to the Oriental spirit of that people that the robe became endowed with miraculous power. The tradition grew rapidly and now during the moon month of Ramazan, one of the sacred ceremonies is the kissing of this robe and securing thereby the power to heal diseases and bring other miraculous blessings. This brings us face to face with the insight of the Turkish people, in the generous appreciation, the spiritual sensibility that recognizes the function of the poet as a "flaming sword of the Almighty." This is a figure that would please Martineau, fascinate Emerson, and delight Walt Whitman. We smile at the story that after each kissing the robe is wiped off with a delicate handkerchief washed in a bowl of water, and the water, thus quickened, becomes charged with healing power. We are amused at the fancy and dismiss the stories as "clear superstition." But right alongside of these stories rise the equally attractive stories of Bridget and Patrick and the numerous saints that have healed by their shadows and blessed humanity by their miraculous touch. The tradition of the "room of the Noble Robe" is not one whit more superstitious than is that of the gift of St. Bridget, that enabled the washerwoman to do without the missing clothes line and hang her clothes on a sunbeam.

All these stories represent the hunger of the human heart, the inexplicable pathos of the human soul groping toward the sanctities with benighted mind. They indicate a hungering for the divine without the help of science, the guidance of philosophy, or the tuition of the trained mind. I love Turkey because it is rich enough in the spirit to breed superstition, for superstition is only arrested reverence, thwarted vision, perverted longing.

Oh, I know the bloody tales of Turkey, the terrible story of the Armenians. But so do I know the horrible story of Troquemada and the Jews, the wicked devastations of Christianity throughout Spain, the cruel torture of the noblest in Italy, Greece, France, Spain, and throughout the boundaries of Europe. What Spain was in the fifteenth century, Turkey may be now. Even so it is not more than five hundred years behind the times. Russia had its "Ivan the Terrible," who wrote his story in the unbelievable cruelties of an arbitrary monarchy. So Turkey has had its tyrants. These unjustifiable cruelties are the product of not any one race, certainly not of any one religion, but they arise in spite of religion. They are the product of absolute monarchy, the product of despotism, the product of individual democracy, which can be removed only as humanity moves forward toward democracy, toward the recognition of the rights of every individual and the sanctities of each individual soul.

Talking with a well known professor, one in high standing in the University of Iowa, a week ago, I said, "I am groping after something admirable in Turkey." His face lit up, and he exclaimed, "Oh, I wish you could see my sister. She has been a teacher in Constantinople for thirty years. She is there now. Of course we are anxious about her, but she has fallen in love with the Turks. She went there as a missionary, is sustained there as a missionary, an educator, but she has learned to love the Turkish people, whom she finds so courteous, so gentle, so kind." I, in my conceit,—I confess it,—was tempted to smile at these adjectives, but what right have I to dismiss the verdict of an intelligent school teacher coming out of thirty years of intimate acquaintance with the Turks?

In 1907, I think it was, I attended a great International Congress of Liberal religionists held in Boston. At the banquet table I was seated alongside of one of the eminent Oriental scholars of Paris, one of the distinguished scholars of the world. Presently he said to me, "When and where are we to have another Parliament of Religions?" I replied by repeating the opinion which I ventured at the closing session of the Chicago Parliament, that the next great world Parliament would be summoned by Orientals and not by Occidentals, and that Christianity would be guest and not host. "Perhaps away out there on the banks of the Ganges in the city of Benares the Buddhists will invite us and we will go," I added. My neighbor smiled and said nothing just then, but along toward the end of the dinner he said, "I can't

stop thinking about your Parliament of Religions, but I think you are mistaken. The next host will not be Buddhist or Hindu, but it will be Mohammedan. There is a force at work in the Mohammedan world that is getting ready to play the host to a Parliament of Religions." "Well," said I, "you make me smile; that is the last place I would look for it." He answered, "That is the trouble with you, that is the trouble with all of us; we do not understand the forces that are at work in the Mohammedan world. The next Parliament will be somewhere on the shores of the Mediterranean or waters connected therewith. I cannot tell just where, but I am going home to work on it. You will hear from me when I get back."

Alas, within six months of that banquet there came to me the tidings that the brave young scholar had been summoned beyond. The Congress of Religions has not been called within the territory of the "unspeakable Turk." But vision, born out of scholarship, has stayed with me and rebuked me when I was inclined to dismiss the Turk as I would dismiss a mad dog, and has frequently aroused my suspicions when I found wise politicians talking about "the sick man of the East" as though he were an easy problem, a negligible quantity in the future of humanity.

When you read in Dwight's book the testimony of an eye witness of that great revolution of 1908 in Constantinople, when at last a constitutional form of government was adopted and how the people rose with enthusiasm and love, how pacific they were, how bloodless was the revolution, you will realize that we have yet something to learn from Turkey and that Turkey is the custodian not only of some of the great traditions of the past, the buried marvels of old civilizations, but that out there on the eastern boundaries of Europe the bridge is to be built that will connect a new Asia with a new Europe. If adequate submarine foundations cannot be secured, then the towers must be built that will transmit wireless messages from the "practical men" of the West to the unrimmed pieties of the East. Europe has been aggressive and conceited. It has made poor use of the great bequest of Asia, the mother of religion. Somehow, somewhere, the Hellespont is going to be bridged.

There is a pathos about the Turk that Lord Houghton many years ago caught sight of and put into a poem. He conceived of the Turk in Europe as being away from home, and he put into the mouth of the homesick man these lines:

Men of the West! Ye understand us not.
We you no more: ye take our good for ill;
Ye scorn what we esteem man's happiest lot,—
Perfect submission to creative will;
Ye would rejoice to watch from us depart
Our ancient temperance, our peace of heart.

Let us return! If long we linger here,
Ye will destroy us, not with open swords,
Not with such arms as brave men must not fear,
But with the poisoned shafts of subtle words;
Your blank indifference for our living creed
Would make us paltry infidels indeed.

What can ye give us for a faith so lost?
For love of duty, and delight in prayer?
How are we wiser that our minds are tost
By winds of knowledge on a sea of care?
How are we better that we hardly fear
To break the laws our fathers held most dear?

Aping your customs, we have changed e'en now
The noble garb in nature's wisdom given,
And turbin that, on every Muslim's brow,
Was as a crown at once for earth and heaven;—
The sword, with which the sire Byzantium won,
Sleeps in yon deep unwielded by the son.

Let us return! Across the fatal strait
Our fathers' shadows welcome us once more;
Back to the glories of the Khalee fate,
Back to the faith we loved, the dress we wore,
When in one age the world could well contain
Haroon Er-Rasheed and your Charlemagne!

I cannot believe that the solution of the Eastern question is Lord Houghton's solution. We cannot mobilize forty-one million people. We cannnot kill them off. We cannot banish them. We must live with them. And living with them we must fraternize with them, elevate them on the rising tides of philosophy and religion that knows no dividing line of inheritance or of creed.

May God help us to eliminate from our patriotism the conceits of today. Let the Middle Ages that brought the light of science into Europe under the banners of the Star and Crescent make modest the conceits of those who today are mobilized under the Cross. We need some kind of a new reading of history —and maybe we are too dull of mind and too narrow of heart to discover that reading until it is written in blood, or to detect our error until our vision is washed clean by the flood of tears that are now blinding Europe. You know the contention of what probably is the most searching poem of the war. We have heard it sung here by the Fuller Sisters, in which men from Poland, the Austrian Tyrol, France, Lorraine and Scotland have all died willingly in the belief that they were doing it for freedom. Each soul sings the same refrain:

I gave my life for freedom—this I know:
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

The Sisters from the other side, taking my thought, caught the echo of the disembodied which it is our business to embody. These souls, each one who thought he had died for freedom, now together sing:

On God's eternal hills we now do mourn
Our broken homes with wives and children dear.
That we were brothers then, as now, 'tis clear;
For War is hate and leaves the world forlorn.
We lost our lives through error, now we know;
For love supernal, it doth teach us so.

Father, help us to love what is lovable in all tribes, clans and nations. Help us to turn from and leave behind what is despicable in all lands and countries and peoples. Amen.

MOSSES.

To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is entrusted the weaving of the dark eternal tapestries of the hills; sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance, and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorne blossoms like drifted snow, and summer dims on the parched meadow, the drooping of its cowslip gold, far above among the mountains the silver lichen spots rest starlike on the stone and the gathering orange stain upon the edge of yonder peak reflects the sun-set of a thousand years.—*John Ruskin.*

Booker Washington as a Pioneer in Educational Reform

From an Address on Democracy and the Race Problem by Celia Parker Woolley

Modern pedagogy was taking its first hesitating steps in industrial education, reluctantly loosening its hold on old academic methods, when a young graduate of Hampton Institute went into the most desolate regions of Alabama and began his work in a small deserted cabin. In a few years it became evident that right here, under the leadership of a slave-born teacher, the new movement was achieving its most assured success. Distinguished scholars and teachers from all round the world came to see and to learn. A new Hegira was established in the educational world, with Tuskegee for its Mecca. So strict and undeviating has been Mr. Washington's course that he has often been accused of narrow comprehension, failing sympathy, and a time-serving spirit. Such criticism has proved unavailing. Tuskegee remains the educational marvel of the age. It has exceeded all human expectation. It almost exceeds human credence. Yet the man who has wrought this wonder lived for the most part under the same rules of race inhibition and distrust as the most ignorant black hand in the fields. He had attained world-wide honors, sat at table with kings and potentates in non-republican countries across the seas, but the recognition he received in his own land was, from all but a negligible few, of a partial kind, extended to the educator and race leader, not to the man.

Industrial education is no longer an experiment, but is still in the trial stage, and will be subject to many oncoming changes and modifications. We are justly proud of the things already done, but we do not forecast results as confidently as we once did. We lay too great stress on rules and systems of all kinds. It cannot be maintained that any one educational method will bring increased facility and larger opportunity to any class, black or white. That does not prove that industrial education is a failure; it shows only that it is not a universal panacea.

It was natural that the race problem should develop different methods and schools of thought, as have the woman and labor questions. When "The Souls of Black Folk" appeared, it became at once apparent that a new prophet had entered the field. It took a writer of Prof. DuBois's melancholy genius and gift of poignant utterance to depict this side of the subject. Probably no book since "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has done more to arouse the white conscience.

Ray Stannard Baker has analyzed the differing viewpoints and methods of Dr. Washington and Prof. DuBois as those, found in controversial ranks everywhere, of opportunist and idealist. This distinction is not so plain as it at first appears. Neither party would accept the label thus applied without demur and qualification. The opportunist, here and elsewhere, has his own visions and dreams. He is working not for a day or generation, but under the lead of a strong, far-reaching purpose; and the idealist, here and elsewhere, may base dream and vision on as clear scientific understanding of the facts in the case as the man in the laboratory or the practical reformer.

The question of leadership in any field is vexing. The greatest need of any race is not a few examples of special worth and distinction, but a higher average of intellectual worth and practical efficiency. Our color problem will not be settled by proclamation, still less by declamation, nor will its solution be found in any single line of racial development. The differences revealed in the writers of "Up from Slavery" and "The Souls of Black Folk" are those of temperament and special emphasis. Every good cause needs all its prophets.

EVENING IN SAMARKAND.

The stalking caravan swings on its way
While through the city streets the evening falls;
And tinkling bells and incoherent calls
Announce the ending of the festal day.
Yon stone-flagged court, where ghostly fountains play,
And where, at noon, from basin's rim to walls,
Dense stood the motley multitude, appalls
The inmost soul with desolation gray.

Out through the ivory portals now they pass,
Each swarthy face of those who dwell afar,
Intent on home. The westering evening star
Shines wanly on the dimly moving mass:
As o'er an irised eye the valves swing to;—
And Samarkand awaits the dawn anew.

Likewise the races hold their gala days:
Surfeit with power and with dominion vast,
The nations weary, every one, at last,
Forced not by power without, they go their ways;
Urged onward by a voice within that says:
"Thy time of mastery and pomp is past;
Prepare! The word that speaks is sure and fast,—
Another cycle for its entrance prays!"

Intent on home, the long procession turns;
Home, peaceful, still, remote within the heart
Of its primordial heath. There is no art
To show the quiet joy that warmly burns
In any nation, that has fully known
Its utmost glory, seeking its old hearth stone!

—Richard Warner Borst.

THE SWAN, THE PIKE AND THE CRAB.

Whene'er companions don't agree,
They work without accord;
And naught but trouble doth result,
Although they all work hard.

One day a Swan, a Pike, a Crab,
Resolved a load to haul.
All three were harnessed to the cart,
And pulled together all.

. . . . .

The Swan pulled upwards to the skies,
The Crab did backwards crawl,
The Pike made for the water straight:
This proved no use at all.

Now, which of them was most to blame
'Tis not for me to say,
But this I know,—the load is there
Unto this very day.

—*Ivan Andréevich Krylóv.*

"Unitarians," declares one of our ministers in his church calendar, "do not stand for freedom *from* worship." In point of fact, however, that is precisely what a vast multitude of them do stand for, if we may judge from their habitual absence from the Sunday services.

THE BOOKLOVER

Whitcomb Riley

No man among us has ever received less of critical estimate, as a poet, than Whitcomb Riley. People would only get mad and sit back and call names if any one attempted to study him in that manner. They do not care to analyze his genius, or to set him in order among other singers. They just love him—because he is a man made to be loved. They love him as a friend, as one who knows them and the life they live, and who has "figured out" a simple and hopeful way of living it; and they hold that he is a man altogether worthy of being loved.

Riley was born at Greenfield, Indiana, in 1854, the son of Ruben Riley, a lawyer of that town—a blue-eyed, tow-haired, happy-hearted boy who saw pictures in the pastures, and heard melodies in the rustle of the wind in the corn. He began to study law in his father's office, and got along very well in winter time, but reading Blackstone "knee-deep in June" was impossible. So, when a patent medicine man drifted into town needing a boy to beat the drum, Riley enlisted. Autumn found him far from home, stranded, and he had to paint signs to work his way back. This is what his biographers mean when they speak of him as "a traveling actor in his youth."

After that he became local editor of the Anderson *Democrat*, his duty being to record the fact that John Jones had gone to Kokomo, and that Mrs. Jeremiah Snodgrass of Greencastle was visting in town. But soon he began to mix odd prankish bits of verse with his items, and his paper was more sought after than a comic almanac. All the while he was writing verses and sending them to the magazines, and always they were returned, until he decided that no poem,, not even Paradise Lost, signed J. W. Riley, would ever be published. Howbeit, he sent a poem called "The Old Swimmin' Hole" to the Indianapolis *Journal*, and it was printed. But he signed it "Ben F. Johnson of Boone," and when the editor went to hunt Johnson he found Riley.

Grace, charm and melody are the obvious traits of Riley as a poet. But not one of these gifts, nor all of them together, can account for his hold upon us. No, people love Riley because of his pictures of our common human life, with its joys and sorrows, its blend of humor and pathos—life seen, for the most part, as a mirage through the prism of memory. He is the singer of the days of long ago, when life was new and wonderful, and whence our eyes are so often turned back pensively, knowing that those days come not back. He has, at times, the dramatic touch, as in "Good-bye, Jim," and the quick surprise of tears, as in "Nothin' to Say," mingled with the homely, wholesome philosophy of his dialect pieces.

Riley is as truly American as Mark Twain. Poe might just as well have done his work in Bagdad, for all the influence that his native land had upon his poetry. Our Yankee singers seem to have been derived from England. Whitman, to be sure, sought to interpret the vague, vast, abundant spirit of America, but he did not often attain to poetic form. But in mental habit, in gesture of soul, in temper, in spirit and feeling, Riley is always American. He sings of simple things, of humble life, of joys and sorrows and beauties that remain, whatever kings and empires may be doing or undoing. God be thanked for a poet of common sense and every-day life, for a singer in whom "thought grew tired of wandering over the world and home-bound fancy ran her bark ashore."

Riley has never married, but he has made his peace with the women through the children. Such poems as "The Bear Story," and "Who Santa Claus Wuz," and "Out at Old Aunt Mary's"—not to name "The Little White Hearse"—show that he is a citizen of Never, Never Land. Yet he is a poet who writes about children, not a children's poet—like Eugene Field. His song is of childhood as we who are older remember it, not as the child knows and sees it. That is why we who have not let the boy and girl die in us, love him, for that he reminds us of those fair, lost days which we never wholly forget, and never wholly remember, when life was stainless and free from cares that fret and sins that defile.

That is Riley, God bless him! He knows that the Goddess of Beauty still holds her court in the dell where the fireflies bestar her leafy firmament. Still for him the dew is on the clover and the drone of busy bees makes melody among the flowers. Now, as of yore, for him, good fairies, crowned with silveriest moonlight, perch upon the window-sill and sing chuckling songs to good children, and fire-eyed, gratchy-fingered goblins will get the bad ones "ef you don't watch out." The rose has still her hinted secret for the curious breeze, and down by the old swimming hole of youth

> The dragon-fly in light
> Gauzy armor, burnished bright,
> Comes a-tilting down the water
> In a wild bewildered flight.

And in the autumn-time, "when the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock" the cobwebs carpet the November lowlands with a glittering weft of beauty, finer by far than ever a fairy wove on her airy loom. Blessed is the man who can see these things, and who by his art can make us look, listen and remember. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

FREEDOM'S PATRIOT.

I saw a lad, a beautiful lad,
With a far-off look in his eye;
Who smiled not at the battle flag.
When the cavalry troop marched by.

And sorely vexed, I asked the lad
Where might his country be,
Who cared not for our country's flag
And the brave from over the sea?

"Oh! my country is the Land of Love,"
Thus did the lad reply;
"My country is the Land of Love,
And a patriot there am I".

"And who is your king, my patriot boy,
Whom loyally you obey?"
"My king is Freedom," quoth the lad,
"And he never says me nay."

"Then you do as you like in your Land of Love,
Where every man is free?"
"Nay, we do as we love," replied the lad,
And his smile fell full on me.

—*Ernest Howard Crosby.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE MORGAN PEACE RESOLUTIONS.

Though Henry Ford and his associates were in a great hurry and scurry to get their peace party together for sailing on Saturday, during the voyage of the Peace Ship there will be ample time for consideration of all the peace ideas that have been advanced by the American public. The Chicago delegation took a copy of the following resolutions, which embody an idea not previously advanced for presentation to the peace councils of the party en voyage:

On condition that they be used in their entirety, that they be designated "The Morgan Peace Resolutions," and that the copyright phrase shall not be detached or altered, permit for the use of these resolutions is granted to any and all who desire that their influence be felt in speeding the triumph of Peace over War.

THE MORGAN PEACE RESOLUTIONS.

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WHEREAS, We believe that the financial support afforded nations at war is the chief effective causation of belligerency; and

WHEREAS, We believe that the actuative motive behind the extension of financial support to belligerent nations is desire for financial gain; and

WHEREAS, We believe that the burdens of war are inevitably imposed upon neutral countries through the belligerency of nations at war; and

WHEREAS, We believe that the belligerent state now existing in the Old World was not induced by the instigation of those who must bear the ensuing burdens; and

WHEREAS, We believe that no generation has any moral right to burden posterity with the indebtedness ensuant from war; and

WHEREAS, We desire the removal of incentive for gain in the waging of war and in the grant of loans to warring countries; and

WHEREAS, We desire that, when belligerency ends, the peoples now at war may speedily enjoy the fruits of peace; and

WHEREAS, We desire the inauguration of a world-wide status conducive to the elimination of the instigating influences for war; be it therefore

Resolved, That, when they gather for this purpose, the following terms and conditions be presented for consideration and possible incorporation into the treaty of peace which will be effected by the representatives of the nations at war:

Article I. There shall be no acquisition of territory.

Article II. There shall be no war indemnity imposed upon any nation.

Article III. The nation in which the property existed shall be liable for all private claims through the damages of war.

Article IV. No interest shall be payable on existing war loans of whatsoever nature or form. All interest obligations shall be voided.

Article V. The principal amount of all war loans of whatsoever nature or form shall be payable in twenty or twenty-five equal installments by the nation contracting the loan.

Article VI. Articles IV and V shall not apply and operate unless each of the other preceding Articles I, II and III are adopted in the spirit and letter of their phraseology.

Be it further resolved, That we seek the incorporation into international law of the following principle:

All indebtedness, of whatsoever kind, or of whatsoever manner or form, incurred by a civic government for purposes of armament or guard, or for the conduct of defensive or offensive war, shall neither draw, bear nor accrue interest in any form or manner whatsoever.

WHEREAS, The elder J. P. Morgan is credited with having exacted the condition of peace when arranging a loan for an imperial government; be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be known as "THE MORGAN PEACE RESOLUTIONS;" be it further

Resolved, That all persons, parties, societies and organizations which desire and seek the elimination of war from human affairs are hereby invited and urged to join in the presentment of these resolutions and in concerted effort to make them effective through every influence and force, private and public, which may be exerted to forward this consummation.

(Those who are not delegated with the power which allows them to commit their organization to a definite course of action, and those who deem it expedient not to commit themselves to active support of these resolutions, may add the following:)

Be it resolved, That it is not the intention of (name of organization) to commit themselves to the support of the foregoing resolutions; but be it

Resolved, That (name of organization) hereby propose the foregoing resolutions for public consideration and action.

Elgin, Ill. HOMER A. FARRAND.

PREVENT WAR BY ADVERTISING.

In the December issue of *The American Magazine* Gerald Stanley Lee says:

"This nation does not purpose to believe or take seriously or personally some of the things that are happening to nations today. We purpose to have different things happen.

"Our being able to do this in America is all a matter of being able to express ourselves and these other people together in such a way that, having been expressed together, we will feel together and get together—then we will make the things happen togetehr.

"This advertising, even self-advertising, attitude, this seeing the possibilities of advertising and of getting progressive, culminating, organized attention to the best and fullest desires of our souls in this world is the only one I know which provides a man with a constructive, hopeful program or prospectus for being human, or for a nation's being human, in a machine age. Our only way to avoid war, or all other mechanical-minded things, is to assert the wills of our souls. War is despair about being expressed, the last desperate substitute men resort to for an attention-machine — for advertising themselves and making themselves known to one another so that the things they fight can be removed."

A RESOLUTION.

I am only one—
But still I am one.
I cannot do everything,
But still I can
do something,
And because I cannot
do everything
I will not refuse to
do something
That I can do.

—Edward Everett Hale.

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A DILIGENT WELSH MINISTER BY THE NAME OF JONES.

An Octogenarian somehow related to the Editor of UNITY.

Rev. Rees Jenkin Jones, M. A., of Aberdare, whom the *Aberdare Leader* dubs the "Unitarian Bishop of Wales," attained his eightieth year on Friday, September 17th. Although he first saw the light in Mount Pleasant street, Trecynon, Aberdare, Mr. Jones is descended from a long line of Cardiganshire worthies, one of his ancestors being Rev. John Jones (*d.* 1709), of Llwynrhys, said to have been the founder of Nonconformity in Cardiganshire. Educated by his father—Rev. John Jones (1802-1863)—and subsequently at Carmarthen College and Glasgow University, Mr. Jones, in January, 1864, succeeded his father at the Old Meeting House, Trecynon. In 1872 his health broke down, and he took a voyage and visited Egypt and Palestine. Meanwhile the flock at the Old Meeting was shepherded by the late Rev. William James, B. A. (Llandyssul), until 1879, when Mr. Jones resumed his ministry at Trecynon, retiring at the end of 1909. After he had completed forty years' ministry he was presented with an illuminated address by the congregation, when a large number attended and paid homage to the respected and venerable pastor. Twelve months later a bust of the reverend gentleman was unveiled at the Old Meeting school-room. In April, 1911, a notable gathering was held at the Memorial Hall, Aberdare, when he was made the recipient of a gold watch and other valuable gifts. At that meeting a very large number of his old pupils attended from all over the country—persons who have won influence and renown in many and varied spheres, and all testified to the help and inspiration and guidance they had received at the hands of their old and revered master in the Trecynon Seminary.

Mr. Jones edited *Yr Ymofynydd,* the Welsh Unitarian monthly, for several years; he was President of the South Wales Unitarian Association in 1896. He was the first Secretary to the Welsh Unitarian Ministers' Education Fund, founded in Cwmbach, in 1864. His influence, however, radiates far beyond his own denomination. He is, first and foremost, an eminent scholar and critic, and his writings are to be found in many

important Welsh and English magazines and other publications. At present his autobiography is appearing in *Y Geninen;* he has contributed several articles to the "Dictionary of National Biography"; while just now he is under commission to write an article to a new work, "Encyclopædia of Education" (Isaac Pitman) on "Dafis Castellhywel and his School." An informing contribution from his pen on the "Rise and Progress of Unitarianism in Wales" appeared in the *Geninen* for July, 1905, and Mr. Jones hopes to enlarge upon this subject shortly if life and health be extended to him. He is the author of numberless hymns and pamphlets, and was the first to introduce a Welsh translation of Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," now included in the Unitarian Hymn Book ("Perlau Moliant"). He has also translated into Welsh scores of English hymns by famous hymnologists, and edited new editions of various Welsh books.

In addition to his important duties as preacher and author, Mr. Jones has found time to fill many other important *rôles.* He has been a Governor of the Welsh University, Cardiff, since the beginning; was a member of the old Aberdare School Board for two terms; gave evidence before the Welsh Church Commission; was appointed to attend an educational conference at Aberystwith, 1880; and was one of the Commissioners on Higher Education when a conference was held at Merthyr in December, 1880.

Mr. Jones married in 1877 Anne, eldest daughter of Mr. Evan Griffiths, The Poplars, Aberdare; her lamentable death occurred in 1899 in her forty-seventh year. There are four children—Mrs. Simon Jones (of Swansea), Miss Lena Jones, B. A., Dr. Goronwy Jones, M. D. (now with the colors), and Miss Olwen Jones, who is at home with her father and uncle, Mr. D. J. Jones.

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